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| *The Emigrant* *by Joseph Campbell,* Irishry 1913 from The Oxford Book of Ireland |
| The car is yoked before the door, And time will let us dance no more. Come, fiddler, now, and play for me 'Farewell to barn and stack and tree.'  To-day the fields looked wet and cold, The mearings gapped, the cattle old. Things are not what they used to be - 'Farewell to barn and stack and tree.'  I go, without the heart to go, To kindred that I hardly know. Drink, neighbour, drink a health with me - 'Farewell to barn and stack and tree.'  Five hours will see me stowed aboard, The gang-plank up, the ship unmoored. Christ grant no tempest shakes the sea - 'Farewell to barn and stack and tree.' |